

# WY LEAVES



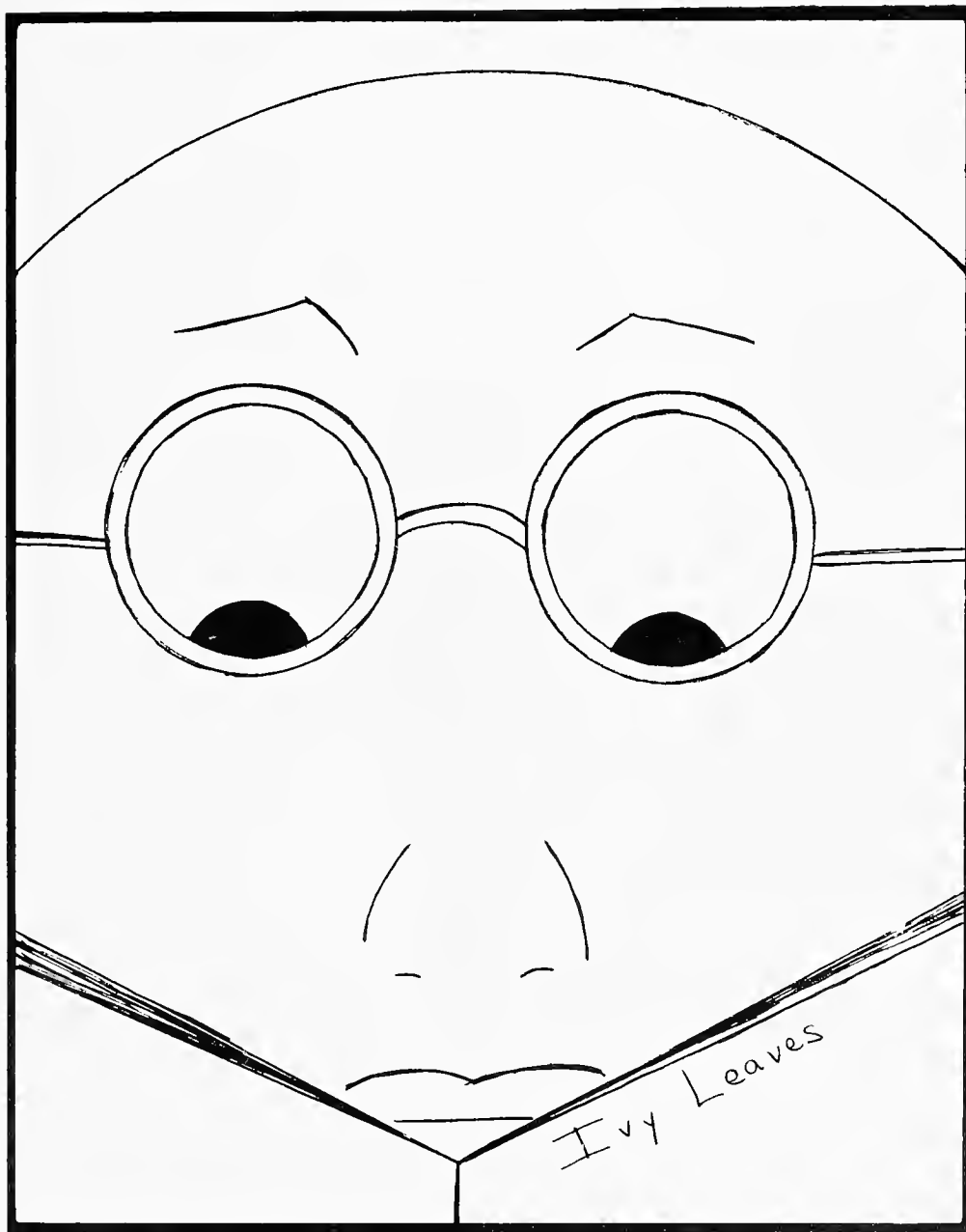
1976

Sherry Murphy

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1976 ANDERSON COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINE  
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*Editor - CAROL WERNER*  
*Associate Editor - JANICE SHIRLEY*  
*Advisor - WILLIAM F. WEST, JR.*

*Staff*  
*MARY LOU JUNKINS*  
*ELAINE ELLISON*

## BEAUTY DWELLS IN YOU

Beauty is a simple word that's heard  
where'er we go.  
It tells of birds and tiny buds and eyes  
that often glow.  
It tells of laughter, love, and smiles  
that never seem to stop.  
It tells of those who sing with grace  
upon the mountaintop.  
"Oh, Beauty, you're in everything. I see you  
in this world.  
In beaches, clouds, and tiny hands, your handiwork  
is hurled.  
Your music drifts within my mind; your gentle  
touch is warm.  
In snow and rain and dripping sun, you often  
take your form."  
I've been amazed at beauty and all it seems to do.  
but still I see it oh so clear-----  
for beauty dwells in you!

*Mary Lou Junkins*

## DISAPPOINTMENT

As the sun is to the rain.  
as hope is to despair.  
So is anticipation to disappointment.  
Without the rain could we truly  
appreciate the sun?  
Without despair would we even  
recognize hope?  
Without occasional disappointments  
our anticipated joys would not  
be fully meaningful.

*Kathy Killian*

## MAN'S CREATION, POLLUTION

The white ocean shore  
is a place for thoughts  
to come together,  
like the waves coming  
together on the shore.

The life in the sea feeds  
off its green vegetation,  
as the mind feeds off  
the beauty of the great  
vastness of the water.

To watch the pelicans and  
other sea species grab their  
prey from the vast waters  
is a beautiful sight.  
And to think that the  
mind that was fed  
by this beauty is  
turning against it  
by creating pollution.

Now, the white ocean  
shore is clouded  
by the gray smoke  
that is in great masses

The white shore is no longer.  
Pelicans and other sea  
life are no longer  
feeding here.  
Instead pollution is.

Sea life is no longer.  
The white ocean shore  
is now only found in  
picture books.

*Katherine Byrd*

## HE CAN

A force as discreet as air yet more powerful than the tide's of the ocean floor,  
Is somehow keeping memories alive and making me desire the past even more.  
Will the color of my love, like the evergreen stay the same.  
Or will it one day grow blue from lack of warmth, letting me even forget your name?  
I know not whether 'tis better to hang on to dreams by the strings of anticipation and hope,  
Or to dispel all thoughts of past times shared cause the pain is too great to cope.  
A difficult decision a choice between the two would be,  
But that decision is not mine, it is not left up to me.  
For the very truth that I being aware of all obstacles and barriers, still you do need,  
Emphasis that it is to a force out of my control that I now heed.  
So that I passively do as the seasons take their course.  
I dream and pine on with almost no remorse.  
For I accept now that he who is able to separate the raging sea,  
Is surely also able to one day bring this dream to me.

*Kathy Killian*

## SEARCH MY HEART

Little bird, search my heart;  
tell me what you see.  
Sing your songs of simple grace;  
touch the soul of me.

Grandpa Oak search my heart;  
tell me what I feel.  
Lift me up with branches strong;  
show me what is real.

Mr. Wind search my heart;  
tell me what is there.  
Take a breath and blow away  
the burden of my care.

Sometimes I fall along the path;  
my friends lend their support.  
Somehow I see the patterned  
swirl and then begin to sort.  
Yes, tell me world,  
look in my heart.  
What picture really shows?  
Are there chains of heavy black  
or visions of a rose?  
Of what you see so deep within,  
you have a little part.  
For once, I took a bit of time---  
Some time to search your heart.

*Mary Lou Junkins*

## IF WE SHOULD MEET

Darkness fell upon the light of our smiles.  
The distance between us was not only distance of miles.  
Now people speak freely of the one I knew well,  
The words sieve and pierce as the color turns pale.  
In silence and secret the heart now must grieve,  
Over truths of a parting which the mind can't conceive.  
An impact that left a cold chill on my brow,  
For I no longer know him and he knows not me, now.  
How could I greet him if in years we should meet,  
In numbness and silence or in blissful deceit?

*Kathy Killian*

## FELINE SERENDIPITY

Walk down the lane, please enter the door.  
Inside you'll find a family of four:  
A daughter, a father, and a mother;  
To make it four, there's one other,  
A Siamese cat with eyes an incredible blue,  
who sits only on laps of an eligible few.

This cat had a red ball, and a Converse shoe lace,  
And a big winged chair for her own special place.  
She dined on thick cream, kidney, and fish,  
which was served every day on an earthen ware dish.  
Four years the Siamese ruled this kingdom with dignity,  
Surrounded by an aura of feline serendipity.

In the season of spring, in the month called merry,  
Transpired an event most extraordinary.  
The father brought home, snuggled down in his mitten  
The tiniest, liveliest, calico kitten.  
All day, aloof, high on the bookcase  
The Siamese glared down at the calico menace.

The kitten chewed the ball 'till it had a big hole,  
Then dropped the shoe lace in the thick cream bowl.  
As dark fell, the Siamese fled to her chair,  
But you can just guess who was already there.  
No one knows what happened that night.  
We feared the cats would have a fight.

Next morning, both cats were curled together in the chair,  
The Siamese washing the calico's ear.  
Now the house is a home to five.  
Humans and cats must adjust to survive.  
Since the calico is learning, and the Siamese is bending,  
This poem is bound for a happy ending.

*Rosemary Welborn*

## NERVES

We dance and shout, oh the noise we make,  
As most children do when only eight.  
Father cries quiet down I've a headache,  
His voice filled it seems with hate.

We haven't done anything wrong we cry,  
Why are you shouting at us?  
We can't win even though we try,  
We were only playing - not making a fuss.

The children dance and shout, oh the noise they make,  
I watched as most fathers do when thirty-eight.  
And I cry quiet down I've a headache,  
My voice filled it seems with hate.

Then I reminisce back into the past,  
And remember when I was young.  
My father's nerves it seemed wouldn't last,  
And now I, in his place, bite my tongue.

*Erwin Elrod*

## I LOVE YOU

I love you  
Not for what you are  
Not for what you do  
But because of that faint glimmer  
Of a truly beautiful person  
I see lurking deep within your heart  
That you're afraid to show  
And, I think, maybe  
you don't even know you possess

I love to be with you  
Because now and then  
A part of the real you, breaks through  
In a smile  
An action  
An expression  
And I want to be there  
When it does

*Janet Swartz*

## DUTY?

If I could paint a daydream,  
The coolness of a woodland stream;  
The twinkle of a star that glows,  
Or fluffy flakes of falling snow.

If I could paint all the different loves,  
The sound of rain on the roof above;  
A breeze blowing through the trees,  
The tangy, salt taste of the sea.

If I could paint a bird's sweet song,  
A flower's perfume before it's gone.  
Could I then say, "I have done my duty"  
By capturing on canvas this elusive beauty?

*Mrs. June Boiter*



## THE INNOCENCE OF A CHILD

Children laugh and play: they're so innocent and pure.  
They know not the world's problems or the misery of war.  
It's there, though - a battle that makes the best  
of us hard and cynical -----  
A cruel game of opposition that causes the strongest  
hearts to break.  
Everyday you hear the end is near,  
that peace is coming.  
Everyday another bomb is dropped, thousands  
are killed.  
Will it end? Will peace ever be ours?  
Or do we have to die to achieve it?  
Oh, just to be a child again, playing  
and laughing naively with no bitterness inside . . .

*Mary Lou Junkins*

## TRIBUTE TO MY DAUGHTER

Your laughter warms my soul.  
Your smiles chase my burdens away.  
Your eyes remind me of the sparkling blue sea.  
You bring me joy and happiness  
and ask little in return.

The future doesn't look easy, and I don't know what is awaiting us.  
So - I give you this now

I give you all the love I'm capable of giving.  
And I give you my prayers for a strength and wisdom  
capable of sustaining you through whatever storms you'll  
find in life.

I wish I could shelter and protect you always from all evil.  
But soon you'll be facing this confused, uncertain world.  
I can't go with you, but I offer my love, prayers, and  
Hopes that for every tragedy which you meet, a triumph will follow.

My mistakes in guiding you will be many, I fear, for I am  
young and still have many lessons to learn.  
I only hope you'll be able to remember what I've found is one  
of life's most valuable lessons:  
It's not the mistakes you make that matter, it's how  
you take the mistakes and turn them into blessings.  
The secret comes, not in regretting, but in remembering.  
My daughter-you hold the pen to a brand-new page  
in life's book.  
Make it a masterpiece.

*Mary Ann Browne*

## LOVE

Love  
What really is love?  
Is it imaginative or reality?  
There are so many kinds of love.  
People speak of Romantic love,  
There is God's Love.  
Love for family and friends.  
But I have felt a new Love-  
It is in the air I breathe  
the words I speak.  
Love that steals sleep away  
and occupies all areas of thought.  
Love that causes pain and  
crushes you're heart to aching  
Separation of one so far away.  
Someone who is everything  
Some have said "never get involved"  
Others "Don't waste your time."  
But you know . . .  
After months of separation  
Longing for that special someone,  
The time will come when we'll  
meet again . . . and  
It'll all be worth it.

*Connie Frierson*

## A PRAYER OF THANKS

As I look out from the mountain top  
At the rocks in their different shapes,  
The trees changing color in sunlight and shadow,  
And the new ploughed fields bordered my grass,  
I pause in my everyday thoughts  
For we look, but do not see.

Then, looking toward Heaven with its blue sky  
Peeping at intervals through the clouds  
As the sun changes their hue,  
I whisper to myself a prayer of thanks  
For the moment God has given  
To delight and lift the spirit of Man.

*Mrs. June Boiter*

## UNITED WE STAND . . . . .

Hancock, Adams, and Washington.  
Franklin, Henry, and Madison.  
They fought the wars and made the laws,  
heedless of heartbreak, discord, and flaws.  
They earned the liberties we so freely use.  
Their work was diligent, a long burning fuse.  
The Constitution, the Bill of Rights,  
the many victories, defeats, and fights.  
This country is great in so many ways,  
for liberty, freedom, and justice stays.  
So in what men say and think and do,  
they continue to shape our history so true.  
Because of the past, there's life for us all:  
---united we stand, divided we fall.

*Mary Lou Jenkins*



## CHEERING UP!

A little verse,  
A little rhyme  
Can cheer the heart  
Most anytime . . .

*Sly Rutledge*

## DAYDREAMS

You're my constant companion.  
You're always there, though I keep you hidden at times.  
You've given my life glamour, beauty, and success.  
When reality becomes too frightening, and troubles and failures  
Cloud the sunny days,  
I call on you and you always come.  
I know I can't depend on your wisdom,  
Nor on your triumphs.  
But you do allow me a brief escape into that tranquil  
Utopia hidden in the corners of my mind.  
Thank you - my daydreams.

*Mary Ann Browne*

## LO O O O ONG CLASSES

An hour and fifteen-minute class  
seems like it will never pass.  
I play with my pencil and write a note.  
I draw a car, a horse, a boat.  
I cross my legs or shut my eyes.  
I build a trap for "unseen" flies.  
I swallow my gum and yawn a bit,  
wishing my watch would faster tick.  
The bell rings loud and oh so clear,  
the students leave with a touch of cheer.  
I wake up to my little fun,  
thinking that class has just began.

*Mary Lou Jenkins*

## THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER DAY

The chirping of a bird at a ray of sun  
tell me that another day has begun.  
I sleepily tumble out of bed  
and quite by accident, bang my head.  
I then proceed to wash my face,  
to start another day of life's hurried race.  
Then I choke down an egg that still has life,  
and spill my orange juice with my knife.  
I brush my teeth, and then I dress.  
When I'm through, my room's a mess.  
I have then finished my morning routine,  
and I emerge from my room all sparkling and clean.  
I open the door into life's jungle of fun.  
What have I got to lose?  
Another day has begun!

*Mary Lou Jenkins*

## “SEA TO LIFE”

In the midst of seaside cliffs, where waves with jagged darts  
In their dissembled flight do wound like enemies,  
Breakers from the same head do with others rise,  
And forthwith they themselves divide in several parts;  
But if they join again, and them in one fissure bound,  
Bringing together all that both their courses do bear;  
The ships and trees, whose roots they from the bank do tear,  
Will meet, and they their floods will mingle and confound.  
Yet run this wandering strobe in places which are low,  
And in these sliding streams pulse in steady law remains.  
So life, though it seems to run with careless reins,  
Yet has it certin rule, and does in order flow.

*W. Eugene Watkins, Jr.*

## SPRING TIME

Spring is the most beautiful time of the year  
When every new thing is coming to life  
The flowers waking up from winter sleep  
Grass reaching out for the sun  
Trees with fresh green leaves dancing  
in the sunlight  
Insects and bugs moving everywhere  
New life being brought to birds and animals.  
Birds singing songs of happiness  
New hatched birds screaming out for food  
Newly born fawns trying to walk  
And people realizing spring is a time of rejoicing  
Yes, Springtime is a beautiful time of the year  
for bringing life and happiness to everything

*Randy Thomas*



## LIGHTENING

Lightening hate, his tertian lies,  
I watch him dying before my eyes.  
I remove the knife from his chest  
And feel relief; now I can rest.

I sink into the nearest chair  
And see in his face that same blank stare  
That used to frighten me so well  
I laugh to think his soul is in hell  
Suffering there in misery  
For all the pain he's brought to me.

I laughed and laughed, then I cried  
It was all my fault he had died.  
I loved him so, he loved me too.  
Oh my God, what did I di?

The world's better without him here,  
But all I want is to hold him near.  
I look into his mocking face,  
So much love gone to waste.  
That mass of blood was once my man  
My God, it's more than I can stand.

I eye it lying there, the knife  
The one I used to take his life.  
I take it in my hand again  
Without delay, I thrust it in.

*Janet Swartz*

## THE GREATEST WONDER

So many things I do not know,  
Such wonders I've not seen,  
but I've known joy so many times  
in places I have been.  
Amazed am I when shining day  
revolves to starry night.  
And take the orange fresh and sweet  
wrapped in it's peel so bright.  
How straight and green the grass  
does grow -- a cushion made for me.  
Refreshing are the dancing waves  
that live within the sea.  
The puppy's fur is my delight-  
so soft to human touch.  
My mother's smile takes all my pain  
when life becomes too much.  
A baby's gurgle turns my mind  
to days of long ago.  
So many wonders I've not seen,  
such things I do not know.  
Of all the knowledge I could have,  
I only care to learn  
of love, and how its cooling stream  
can take away the burn.  
Yes, wonders are just everywhere,  
but one outshines them ALL-----  
Jesus loves me oh so much!  
His arms won't let me fall.

*Mary Lou Junkins*



## I SAW HIM TODAY

I saw him today  
And it had been so long  
That the emptiness I first felt  
Had melted into routine.  
The days dragged on, the months, the years  
I learned like everyone does  
At some time during their lives  
That you go on living  
Even when what you love most is gone.  
I began living for myself  
And in time thoughts of him became  
A faraway dream  
A pleasant memory  
And my life went on in search of meaning.

That was until today  
When I saw his face  
And heard his voice  
And watched him move.  
I wept to see how he'd changed.  
He was the happy one  
Who brought sunshine and laughter  
To my dull existence  
But now he just sits  
And thinks of what they made him do.  
His eyes grow sad and distant.  
I touch him, strive to reach him  
To make him remember the happy times,  
The laughter, the love.  
And to dream of all the beautiful memories  
Just waiting to be made.  
But I could never understand;  
The war took him somewhere I could never go.

*Janet Swartz*

## THE WAY WE WERE

We were tiny tots, amazed  
at any moving object, holding  
on to Mama's apron strings and  
learning right from wrong.

As the strings slipped, we were  
young children entering school  
to learn reading, writing, and  
arithmetic. Our days were  
fun filled with no worries  
at all.

As we eased into junior high and  
high school, everyone told  
us these would be the best  
years of our lives. The excitement  
of dating, football games and club  
meetings were the things  
our lives revolved around.

We are now in college, more  
serious minded, looking toward  
our future goals. We are faced  
with many problems and decisions  
each day.

We go back and think about  
the way we were; the many  
different things we did. Our  
past has a definite effect  
on our present and future,  
for we know, without being  
the way we were, we  
could never be the way  
we are.

*Belinda Coyle*

## NOT YOUR TIME

They say it was something that had to happen someday.  
Say it just wasn't the time or place for things to go my way.  
Still I'm not much of a martyr, I just don't get up quickly after a fall.  
It doesn't help the wounds to say the battle was simply lost, and that is all.  
Now questions of what came between us, why it's hard to even say "hello".  
The questions remain unanswered, are we just too young to know?  
Too young to know the answers, yet not too young to be alone.  
To lie awake, to dream, to pray that new love will somehow grow.  
Sometimes I think I've done it, buried thoughts and dreams and hope,  
But all too soon they're back, I realize with them I must cope.

*Kathy Killian*

*Changes are sometimes good but tradition governs certain areas. The IVY LEAVES was put to rest for a year but now it is back in the 1976 edition. Hopefully, from its contents there will be for each of you a poem of inspiration, or of enrichment, or one of simple enjoyment.*

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SHERRY MURPHY  
PHOTOS - JIM MOSLEY  
DRAWING - MICHAEL RODGERS

Contributing Staff

KATHY KILLIAN - 2, 3, 15  
KATHERINE BYRD - 2  
MARY LOU JUNKINS - 2, 3, 6, 8, 10, 13  
ROSEMARY WELBORN - 4  
JUNE BOITER - 5, 7  
JANET SWARTZ - 5, 12, 14  
ERWIN ELROD - 5  
MARY ANN BROWNE - 6, 9  
CONNIE FRIERSON - 7  
SLY RUTLEDGE - 9  
RANDY THOMAS - 11  
EUGENE WATKINS - 11  
BELINDA COYLE - 15



